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A Book
of
Bryn Mawr
Verses

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**A BOOK OF
BRYN MAWR VERSES**

A BOOK OF BRYN MAWR VERSES

EDITED BY

ELIZABETH TERESA DALY, 1901

AND

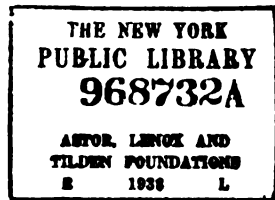
AMELIA ELIZABETH WHITE, 1901

BRYN MAWR

M C M I I I

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*Thou gracious inspiration, our guiding star !
Mistress and mother, all hail, Bryn Mawr !
Goddess of Wisdom, thy torch divine
Doth beacon thy votaries to thy shrine.
And we, thy daublers, would thy vestals be,
That torch to consecrate eternally.*

**A BOOK OF
BRYN MAWR VERSES**

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

ON AN ARCHAIC GREEK TOMB
"Amenokleia, daughter of Andromenos"

WHAT girl of Argive days
Had once such gracious ways?
Twin breasts beyond compare
And ruffled hair.

With tender hands and feet
For kissing over-sweet ;
And sorrowful soft mouth,
Warm o' the south.

Whose perfect years went by
Like clouds on windless sky,
Flushed with the growing hours
Like almond-flowers.

Thy face, that was a star,
Thy lovers come from far
Found whiter than the foam
That washed thy home.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

And drawn from many lands,
They saw thy slender hands
Folded up quietly
As snow-wreaths lie.

So bade, lest it should pass,
This beauty which once was
And was not—in deep shade
A tomb be made.

Fashioning the marble twin
Of her that drowsed within,
To tell all time how fair
Argive girls were.

Dear while the world's heart lives,
The gift thy beauty gives :
Safe still and unforgot,
It changeth not.

We change, and our loves pass
Like shadows on tall grass ;
But song outlasteth me,
And beauty, thee.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

SOFT GOING

SMOOTH lies the road and stretches far
With shelter from the broad sun's blaze,
And at the last is lost in haze ;
No least small stone my steps to mar ;
I shall go softly all my days—
Go softly by the quiet ways
Where slow cool streams and sloping meadows are ;
Toward western light and golden evening star,
Go softly all my days.

No stubborn heights before me lie,
That I with groaning must ascend,
Like others that beside me bend,
Nor need I care to question why
I should go softly to the end.
Go softly where the sweet birds send
Clear notes among the flowers that never die ;
What need to speak of blood and sweat, while I
Go softly to the end?

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

Ah by what tempest am I caught?
What blasts, what bitter blasts are these
That wrap my robe about my knees.
And blind mine eyes from seeing aught?
Where is my careless ancient ease?
Where is the road through sun-struck trees
Whereon to walk with quiet steps I thought?
Alas, alas, how dearly have I bought
My careless ancient ease !

Lo, from the dark beside me rise
Strange hands of those that take my part ;
My terror sinks beneath their art
To guide the feet, to clear the eyes :
Where is the hardness of my heart?
Where is the path on which the start
Recked not of out-stretched hands, of suppliant cries?
I too go humbly, and in shame despise
The hardness of my heart.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

SONG AGAINST SINGING

O FOOLISH heart, that praisest
In compass of a song
The heart toward which thou raisest
What doth to it belong,
To spend thine utmost fire
Would stint the angel quire,
And seraphim would tire
Amid their tireless throng.

For words without a measure
Demand a bateless breath,
And at the heart of pleasure
Lies that which no man saith.
And all thy skill in loving
Can stay not love from roving,
And all thy way of proving
Thy lifelong love—is death.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

WANDERING, WAVERING, WINDING . . .

WANDERING, wavering, winding—we come
from the sea, the sea,
And our touch is light,
For we sing of night,
Of night, of night—and the sea.
We sing of night, and we take our flight
From the sea, the sea, the sea.

We bend thy boughs with the touch of love,
For we see thy sacred glen
In our dreams by day,
And we speed away,
Afar, afar with the closing day,
Afar to thy sacred glen.

And we kiss its yielding moss, then sigh
As we pass above to the star-built sky.
There we whisper our songs of love, then die
Of love—then die, then die.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

A SONG

I WOULD I were a merman,
And in the deep-sea furrows
I'd ambush me, to lurk beneath
The mists of falling foam ;
And there I'd watch and listen
A many long to-morrows,
To meet my dearest sailing
Alone, afar from home.

I would I were the sea-gull,
And with my grey cloud-brothers
I'd lift my piercing wings to flight
And lose familiar lands ;
Amid the bent white canvas
I'd swoop not fearing others,
And search,—where sat my dearest,
To greet me with her hands.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

Fain were I sky and ocean
To spread her fit adorning ;
The waves should toss glad music,
And from sun-haunted climes
The winds should blow white blossoms
And buds as red as morning,
And showering oft my dearest
Wake me her laughter chimes.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

SONGS FROM "COLUMBINE'S MARRIAGE"

MY father was a piper's son;
He used to pipe when day was done;
But all the tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Over the hills where the sunset lies,
Till the stars grow dim and the night wind dies.

The birds that wing their way through the blue
Direct my feet to the strange and new,
And the open road lies straight and free,—
It calls and calls till it tortures me.

Over the hills and far away
We follow the dying, dawning day.

* * * * *

My father was the piper's son,
He played o' his pipe till day was done.
His heart was wild as the winds that say
"Come over the hills and far away,"

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

Over the hill-tops, over and on,
Till the dawn-wind wakes and the stars are gone.

* * * * *

Over the hills and far away,
Follow, follow the dying day.

* * * * *

Over the hills and a great way on,
The wind blows out of the gates of the sun.

* * * * *

The wind blows out of the door of day,
The pine trees toss to point the way,
And the long white road runs over and on
Whither the souls of the dead are gone.
Dead feet patter, dead voices say:
"Over the hills and far away."

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

A NEO-PAGAN ELEGY

FROM this beloved hill-top canst thou hear
My voice, grown tremulous with weeping, Love?
Or doth thy spirit dwell so far above
The stars, that it may never wander near
The pleasant places and familiar ways
That were most dear to thee in earthly days?

The spirits of the air, that guide thy feet
Along the banks of those enchanted streams
Whose melancholy music haunts my dreams—
They know full well that life is fair and sweet—
They seek to win thy thoughts from other hours;
Alas! hast thou forgot the scent of flowers?

For thou didst love them once, and wouldst entwine
Thy glittering hair with sprays of early bloom;
What roses deck thee in the mystic gloom
Of that abode? I know thou dost repine
Amidst the music of the heavenly quires,
Unless cold Death benumbs those old desires.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

Grieve not, dear Love! The groves whence thou art fled
Are not so lovely now; the sweet birds sing
Faint elegies, that fill my wandering
With sorrowful remembrance of the dead.
Death's shadow lies not heavier where thou art
Than lies the sunlight on my heavy heart.

Green fields and flowers! From day to day they change,
Till of their beauty nothing seems to last
Except some bitter memory of the past
Whose sorrows live, while all its joy grows strange,—
The joy I purchased at so dear a cost
That it being gone, my heart's delight is lost.

If with the loss of thee life darkens so
That it assumes the pallid tones of death,
I sometimes dream thy spirit wandereth
Amid such scenes as mortals cannot know.
O Love, if earthly joy so soon is o'er,
Lives there another joy, that dies no more?

And art thou standing in such splendid guise
Of variant hue as doth the sky adorn
When day flings wide the portals of the morn,
With love and pity lighting up thine eyes
For one who mourns thee, fearing lest thou find
Death sombre, and the heavenly gods unkind?

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

I AM LOVE'S PILGRIM, SWEET

(From "Jehanne.")

I AM love's pilgrim, Sweet,
From distant climes,—
My wallet is replete
With golden rhymes;
And tender songs unheard
To you I bring—
Each song is like a bird
Of broken wing.

Ah, take them to your heart;
Ah, let them rest
And nevermore depart
From out the nest
Of Agnes' breast—
I am love's pilgrim, Sweet.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

THE STREAM

LET the soft winds murmur to the plain;
The violets breathe their hearts' content,
The birds sing in their merriment—
A lover's holiday. I sent
A flower and I was vain—
Vain in my self-conceit.
Vain? Can I think
Love is so little that returned again
It is complete?
I stand upon the brink
Of the long stream;
The willows grace the shore.
Their shadows lengthen, and once more
The sun glints in the bend; the gleam,
Reflected, dazzles me. "Receive
My benediction," shines the sun—"Receive,
receive—"
And the wind brings it. Hush!—thy note,
Strange bird, is muffled in thy drowsy throat.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

And here this morn
I dreamed: the shadows then
Were in a mist of dew,
And peering through
Their dimness sprang the flower.
It was my pen,
It wrote my dream, and went, and came again,
Faded and torn.

A dream, no more. Can waking change
My life? I shall forget.
What is a thought, so to derange
The world that I have set?
The fields still bloom; the skies will still endure:
I, only I, have erred, and pure
Can rise before me that past dream.
Why do I speak of pain?
Kind heaven, so guide me that I find again
Thy nature,—and the stream.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

INSCRIPTION

For a copy of the Greek Anthology.

THE myrrh and frankincense and gold
That Magian wayfarers once brought
Of griefs and loves and songs of old,
Far-sought and dearly bought,
I now, a wanderer in the world's old age,
Lay at her feet who lights my pilgrimage.

It is a cage of nightingales
That cannot spread their wings and fly;
A palm-girt spring that never fails,
A star-swarm of my sky;
A wave-tossed bough from lost Hesperides,
A wind remembering still those song-stirred trees.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

JAG ALSKAR NORDEN

I LOVE the North, where the bold rocks rise
Up from the shore, where the sea-mews play,
Swinging high up in the cold, gray skies,
To the horizon far away;
Far from the South, where the summer lies.

I love the North, for its frosty air
Is wine in the early morn.
The hunter chases the game to its lair
As he sounds his bugle horn;
I love—I love the North, for there
The heart of the hunter is free from care.

I love the North when the warm winds sigh
Through many a wild and rocky cave,
In the summer night, when the moon hangs high,
And all is gloomy and sombre, save
For the lavish tints of the opal sky,
Where the amber stars, imbedded, lie.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

I love the North, with its breath that chills
And blights in the silent night;
The wind that blows with a blast that kills,
Where the frost has mantled a thousand hills,
And the pines are gleaming white.

Land of the burning midnight sun,
With sea and sky aflame;
When his toilsome race is nearly run,
And the Norseman comes back again,
With dreams of glory and dreams of fame
All shattered—and hope undone,
Will you bid the Vikings of old stand forth
To welcome the wandering son of the North?

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

TO A TANAGRA FIGURE

COME down to us from far-off days
In dearest Greece beyond the sea,
I hold thee; sweetest, can it be
A girl lived once, whose gracious ways
Of movement had a charm that stays
About thee still, and is through thee
Come down to us from far-off days
In dearest Greece beyond the sea?

Thy slim, sweet hands bind up with bays
Thine hair; the long, straight folds leave free
Thy slender feet; thine eyes,—ah me!
I love thee, sweet, I cannot praise;
Come down to us from far-off days
In dearest Greece beyond the sea.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

PANTOUM

THE eastern sea is lightening,
And now a cock begins to crow;
It is the day that's brightening,
Though still we see the pale moon's
glow.

And now a cock begins to crow,
And other cocks, far off, reply;
Though still we see the pale moon's
glow
That all night long lit up the sky.

And other cocks, far off, reply,
Now every little star is past
That all night long lit up the sky;
Ah yes, the day is come at last.

Now every little star is past,
It is the day that's brightening;
Ah yes, the day is come at last,
The eastern sea is lightening.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

WIND-DRIFT

SPEED thee, fair feigner,
Thy friend is thy spurner;
The wind mocks thy footprints,
Thy day has blown by.
The clouds of the midnight shall darken the sun-tints,
And death shall be borne in thy penitent cry.

Clouds, clouds, thou hast sought them,
Clouds, clouds, thou hast wrought them;
And earth has replied with a smile and a groan.
Thou hast wished and hast spoken,
Hast promised and broken,
Thy way lies henceforth through the darkness alone.

All truth shall defy thee,
All happiness fly thee;
No tears, no repentance can buy thee a boon.
We have, and we spurn it,
Betray, then we learn it;
And life is forever a debtor to doom.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

No pity, no pity; the world is thy keeper,
The heavens shall frown and proud nature despise.
Thou hast trifled with life—the reward of the weeper
Shall speak in the stare of thine agonized eyes.

Speed onward! Speed onward! The storm cannot
sweep thee,
So swiftly remembrance lags from thy heart;
I need not to curse thee—I need but to weep thee;
How comfortless, lonely, how outcast thou art!

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT *

FAR beyond the fields where the sea lies sleeping
Hovers Daylight, flushed with regret, and feeling
All the gold of Hope on her drowsy forehead
Silently darkening.

Through the languid night that the wild winds lull not,
Dyed about with purple and dark with weeping,
Send me, Sweet, a dream on the wings of Hope borne
Down to me sleeping.

Let its feet be shod with a sudden longing,
Let its breath be warm with the joy of springtime,
Let its hands be dipped in the dew of Lethe,
Soothing and subtle.

Then my heart shall sing with a joy new risen,
All my night shall yearn to the light of daytime,
One brief hour obliterate all the weary
Waiting without thee.

* From "An Iseult Idyll," John Lane, Publisher.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

SILENCE VISIBLE

A MIST that from the far-off sea
Last night crept inland up the hills,
Climbs higher with the morn, and stills
The sun's mid-August revelry.

As if morn's blaze were trumpet-loud,
Now, while its glory doth abate,
Though bees still hum in velvet state,
Slowly, methinks, the gathering cloud

Lulls jocund summer into rest,—
Breathing of silence, full, unstirred,
As when a grey-winged ocean bird
Broods o'er the circle of her nest.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

ASPIRATION

THE moon's thin ghost above, by wholesome day
Caught lingering after cockcrow ; bramble vines
Tangling the hither slope ; a ledge that shines
Sheer white beyond the many-rippled bay.

Like a smooth panther, stretched along the sky,
The down bends gradual, bare for the noon to sleep,
Save where soft glooms of Protean shadow creep
In pace with clouds deep-bosomed, journeying by.

There, where the road climbs to its half-way stage,
A small, grey, lonely church doth lift its spire
O'er the earth's ledge ; and thither my desire
Hath all this morning gone on pilgrimage.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

TWO OLD PICTURES

'T WAS a curio shop where first they met,
Mid antiquities strange and rare;
On the same dark shelf together set,
By an odd mistake that I quite forget,
They fell in love, and are loving yet ;
A bitter love, and a long regret,
And a highly artistic pair.

Sundered for aye by a cruel fate,
And a whim, and a dash of paint !
He came four hundred years too late,
Though quite of respectably ancient date ;
Alas, what chance could ever mate
A Watteau beau of powdered pate,
And a Fra Angelico saint ?

They never dared confess it quite,
For they felt their own bad taste ;
So she, in her gilded robes bedight,
Bravely ogling her mournful plight,

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

Went off with a proud pre-Raphaelite,
And the Watteau beau, as was only right,
A Watteau boudoir graced.

Poor little victims of art ! They met,
And found each other fair.
On the same dark shelf together set,
By an odd mistake that I quite forget,
They fell in love, and are loving yet ;
A bitter love, and a long regret,
And a truly artistic pair !

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

FOR A LOVING CUP

SWEET, we'll drink from dusk to dawn,
And when day comes reeling on,
Drink until the sun is gone.

Sweet, our hands and lips have met ;
Then, till death shall claim his debt,
Love, remember, love me yet !

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

RONDEL

SHE went with hopes of fame,
 (An earnest maid was she)
A college girl to be,
 To win a glorious name.

Alas, what woe and shame
 Oppressed that spirit free !
She went with hopes of fame,
 An earnest maid was she.

With conquering might he came.
 That not impossible he !
 I'm going there to tea ;
She's grown domestic, tame—
She went with hopes of fame.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

TRIOLETS

(The Optimistic Faddist Speaks)

THOUGH my nature is sweet,
 I abhor the conventional !
I am kind, I repeat,
And my nature is sweet,
But with loathing complete
 And with insult intentional
(Though my nature is sweet)
 I abhor the conventional.

To be happy and gay
 Has a touch of banality ;
Heavens, no one shall say
That I'm happy and gay,
If I can't find a way,
 Through my rare personality,
To be happy and gay
 Sans a touch of banality.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

So I'm looking at things
 Through a rose-colored monocle!
What contentment it brings
To be looking at things
In a method which springs
 From no code that's canonical!
Yes, I'm looking at things
 Through a rose-colored monocle.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

NONSENSE VERSES

I

SHE gazed at the spirit with horror-struck eye,
As he hurriedly gobbled that quarter of pie ;
Her cheeks became pale, and she felt so afraid,
For she saw it was ninety degrees in the shade.

II

"As I lie on this boulder," the Dinosaur said,
"With sandstones for pillows laid under my head,
With my tail arranged neat, and my very best dress on,
I'm sure I am making a lasting impression."

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

TRIOLET

O H, dear Mr. James,
You were once one of ours,
And we cherish our claims,
Oh, dear Mr. James—
Can the waters of Thames
Alone quicken your powers?
Oh, dear ! Mr. James
You were *once* one of ours !

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE GREEK

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

SAPPHICS

GREAT as gods themselves is to me that lover—
Dare I call him greater?—To linger near thee,
Sit before thy face and again and ever
See thee and hear thee.

That sweet laughter, Lesbia, did undo me,
That soft speech at once of my senses reft me ;
All my heart leapt up and a fire thrilled through me ;
Nothing was left me.

Now mine ears are ringing, my tongue doth stammer ;
As from one that dies doth a darkness hide thee.
White as grows the grass in the scorching summer
Grow I beside thee.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

COLONUS

(Being more or less a translation of Œdipus at Colonus, 667-706.)

I

THE streams of bright Cephisus flow
With gentle murmur through this lonely glade,
Where lingered long ago
The exiled Œdipus in weariness.
The meadow here is set with starry gold—
The crocus and narcissus flowers, of old
Sought by the woodland nymphs that bless
The spot, and choose in pleasant shade
The clustered buds to crown their loveliness.

II

Amid the branching olives gray,
The wine-dark ivy, with its berries bright,
And tender leaves, screens from the garish light
This glen of peace, removed from icy blast.
But cooling breaths the zephyrs bring,
Like winds that in Elysian vales caress

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

The brow of Helen, dreamer of the past,
Who half forgets the ringing fray
In slumbrous asphodel, the sharp distress
For her sweet sake, and all the wandering.

III

From deep recesses in the haunted shade
The nightingale's complaining voice is rolled—
That shrill-voiced bird with coat of tawny gold,
Who mingles with her gladder note
The bitterness of wrong untold,
And makes the woods resound the shame
Of all her race, the grievous name
Of Itylus,—and still the bird-like throat
Swells with the passionate sobs of human pain.
Insatiate of cries, the nightingale
Can never in the lonely coverts cease
The sad reiteration of her tale,
But in these murmuring haunts of sacred peace
She comforted and soothed with mellow strain
The heart of Œdipus, when, sore dismayed
And worn with agony, he sought relief
And found no echo of an alien grief
In Philomel's melodious refrain.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

AMARYLLIS OF THE DEAD

(Theocritus, iii, iv.)

SWEET Amaryllis, thou dost tread
Where sad Persephone hath power,
With wreaths of myrtle on thy head
Still unforgotten in this hour.

Where sad Persephone hath power,
The meads are pale with asphodel;
Still unforgotten in this hour,
Thou art enshrouded with their spell.

The meads are pale with asphodel,—
There, Amaryllis, make thy moan;
Thou art enshrouded with their spell,
A pallid ghost, to sigh alone.

There, Amaryllis, make thy moan;
No lover's cave is granted thee—
A pallid ghost to sigh alone,—
And much regret the pleasant lea.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

No lover's cave is granted thee;
Think now of that Sicilian home,
And much regret the pleasant lea
Where Corydon was wont to come.

Think now of that Sicilian home
Where bees hummed low on drowsy wing;
Where Corydon was wont to come,
And Battus, with his pipe, to sing.

Where bees hummed low on drowsy wing,
Not spectres dim, but shepherds gay,
And Battus, with his pipe to sing,
Once blithely tuned their careless lay.

Not spectres dim, but shepherds gay—
(The song of love rings faintly now),
Once blithely tuned their careless lay,
In fields beyond old Charon's prow.

The song of love rings faintly now;
Sad Amaryllis, thou dost tread
In fields beyond old Charon's prow,
With wreaths of myrtle on thy head.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

GREEK NURSERY RHYMES

SPHINX, go away,
You that shriek in the night;
Go away from my sight,
Ill-named bird of prey,
To the swift-sailing ships of the sea.

* * * *

Chorus: "Tortoise, O Tortoise, pray what do you here?"

Tortoise: "Yellow wool from Miletus I'm winding."

Chorus: "But what of your children? They've perished, I
fear."

Tortoise: "From their fairy-white steeds they have leaped in
the mere,
And their deaths in the sea they are finding."

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

(Anacreon.)

O THRACIAN colt, why look askance,
And scorn me with a sidelong glance?
Ah, pitiless! Away you dance.

Know you I would a bridle fling
About you? And the reins I'd swing
And guide you in the race-course ring.

Still in the meadows sweet and wet
With light young springs your feet you set;
Beware! You have no rider yet!

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

SCOLION, 16

DRINK with me and be young, love as I love, crowned as
I am with flowers;
Rave with me when I rave, but be thou, too, wise in my
wiser hours.

FROM THE LATIN



A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

CENABIS BENE

(*Catullus.*)

THOU shalt feast well, Fabullus, in my house
At Kalends, since the kindly god allows,
If thou bring with thee to my barren hearth
The wine, the song, the maiden and the mirth,
A generous guerdon of the night's carouse.

Thy poor friend's tiny scrip with naught endows
The common stock, save cobwebs, nothing worth;
Yet if, in truth, thou com'st to ease his dearth,
Thou shalt feast well.

For, in return, sweet loves thy soul shall rouse;
Balm, Venus' gift, shall make thy spirit drowse,
Which smelling, thou shalt wish that at thy birth
Senses divine, partaking not of earth,
The gods had sent thee. Heed my earnest vows—
Thou shalt feast well.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

DILETTANTE

(*Catullus.*)

VARUS, a certain friend of ours,
Suffenus, you'll recall his name,
A fellow of no common powers,
And more than usual worldly fame,
A wit, a beau, a man of parts,
Whose store of jest a widow's cruse is,
Has dropped his rôle of breaking hearts
To try his hand on wooing muses.

He has a thousand poems, no less,
Not scribbled down in haste, but printed!
(Private subscription, one would guess.)
I picked the volume up, fresh-minted;
Most charming, richly bound, compact,
With rough-edged page, gold-lettered labels;
Edition de luxe, in fact,
A gift-book, fit for center-tables.

"Poeta nascitur, non fit,"
Came sadly home, as I perused him.
Whate'er the gods, at birth, of wit
Did grant, true genius they refused him.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

Vapid and trite, no country lout
 Could duller be, 'twixt pipe and dozing;
Yet is he never, I've no doubt,
 So crowned with bliss as when composing.

Ah well, we all, could we but know it,
 Have, tucked away, some dear delusion
About ourselves; too wise to show it,
 Perchance within it works confusion.
The foibles of our friends, indeed,
 We note with zeal, as odd or heinous;
Yet all the while we fail to heed
 How very much we're like Suffenus.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

"QUINTIA FORMOSA MULTIS"

(*Catullus.*)

QUINTIA is tall and straight,
Quintia has a good complexion;
All the items, small and great,
I admit without objection;
But when beautiful you cry her,
That sum total I deny her.

For of charm there's not a bit—
That's the point I wish to take up:
There is not a spark of wit
In her whole blonde comely make-up,—
Nothing to allure and blind us,
Nothing to enthrall and bind us.

Ah, but Lesbia,—when you call
Her a beauty, you scarce reach her.
She's the fairest, all in all,
Maddening, absorbing creature:—
She is Beauty's self, I grant you;
Venus, heed, or she'll supplant you.

FROM THE FRENCH



A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

THE CHACE

(Paul Verlaine.)

PAINTED and rouged as in a shepherd scene,
Among her heavy ribbon bows so slim,
Down the long chace, whose seats with moss wax
green,

She passes underneath the leafage dim,
With thousand airs, a thousand little ways
One keeps for favorite parakeets, these days.

The trailing gown is blue; the fan, moved slow
By slender fingers over-weighed with rings,
Blossoms in amorous themes—so dim the things

She smiles, yet dreamily, at what they show.
White girl, in fine!—small nose, to strangely match
With her great vermeil mouth's divinity
Of pride unconscious!—daintier than the patch
That quickens the slight fire of her eye.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

APRIL

(Remy Belleau.)

APRIL, thou joy, thou grace
Of Cypris' face,
Thou fragrance and sweet air!
Let thy light breaths arise
Until the skies
Shall know that earth is fair.

April, most kind and dear
Of all the year,
'Tis thou whose voice doth bring
The swallows from afar,—
Fleet birds, that are
The messengers of spring.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

THE CHARMING SHEPHERD I ADORE

(Madame Deshoulières.)

THE charming shepherd I adore
Hath met unhappy days;
O little brooks, how can you go your ways
Unheeding, when my heart is sore?
O nightingales that chanted his sweet praise,
I pray you, sing no more!
The charming shepherd I adore
Hath met unhappy days.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

TEA

(Théodore de Banville.)

MISS ELLEN, give me at my tea
The china cup I so admire,
Whose goldfish rouse to fear and ire
A pink chimera of the sea.

I like the blind ferocity
Of half-tamed monsters, strange and dire;
Miss Ellen, give me at my tea
The china cup I so admire.

An artful dame sits haughtily
Beneath the skies of angry fire;
Her languid, slanting eyes transpire
An arch ingenuous ecstasy;
Miss Ellen, pour me out my tea.

FROM THE GERMAN



A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

(Eichendorff.)

I WANDER through the silent night,
The moon slips softly into sight
From out her sombre cloud array.
And somewhere in the vale
Awakes the nightingale,
Then all again is still and gray.

O wonder-bearing night-song! hark—
Faint shudderings in the leafy dark,
Far, far away the course of streams—
Perplexed my thoughts in me;
My wandering melody
Seems but a cry from out the land of dreams.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

(*Neumann.*)

TWO chambers hath the heart
Where dwell
Sorrow and Joy, apart.

Now watches Joy in this,
Now sleeps
Sorrow, at rest, in his.

O Joy of mine, beware!
Speak low,
Lest thou awaken care!

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

NORSE CRADLE SONG

(Ibsen.)

NOW roof and rafter tower
Up to the heavens gleam;
And now the little Hakon
Is borne on the wings of a dream.

A beautiful ladder stretches
Far up to the starry sky,
And the little Hakon wanders
With the angels, passing by.

The holy angels guard thee
Each night and morn anew;
Now bless thee, little Hakon;
Thy mother is watching thee too.

SONNETS

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

THE HOUR OF MIRACLE

WHEN I do speak of April, thou dost praise
The flush of May, sweet with unchilling rain,
When winds to soothe the frailest flowers are fain,
And white, unfaded petals strew the ways;
Thou lovest Spring's rejoicing, I the day
When Earth, but hardly free from wintry pain—
Thrilled with a first faint hope to bloom again—
Hearkens the confident birds, in brooding haze.
Joyful their lot, who sat, new-garlanded,
High at the feast for coming of the Queen
Back to Admetus from the hands of death;
Yet better, being her servant, to have seen
Her eyes first open, dark with lingering dread,
And, in the silence, caught her earliest breath.

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

TO AN OPAL

A FAIRY sunset o'er a fairy lake;
A fire at night upon a fairy sea;
The message of my tender heart to thee,
Throbbing and burning for thy true love's sake.
Ah! if a lifeless stone such glory take
From air, and light, and mist, might it not be
That warmer tinges from my heart, from me
'Twould gain, and for me passions' pleading make;
Tell her of love that naught on earth can pale,
Though life be long and all else fade and fail?
Tell her of trials borne through love alone?
Cast all my being at her spirit's throne?
On to thy mission with right grateful speed,
And yielding not to thee, she's cold indeed!

A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses

BRYN MAWR

NOT as some traveler from a distant land,
Returning to the quiet valley's peace,
Draws round about him there a youthful band
To win, from wonders of his tale, increase
In knowledge of the world's fair wilderness—
Not so, Bryn Mawr, in quiet of the vale,
Hidden from sight of learning's strain and stress,
Dost thou reveal to us the marvelous tale.

Nay, rather, thou, our footsteps vague attending,
Wouldst lead us from the valley's grassy sod,
O'er rocky steps, by various ways, ascending
The mount of knowledge reared by men to God;
And to us, following every loftier rise,
Reveal a wider world and deeper skies.





